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# A MEMORIAL

OF

# JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, D.D.

BY

REV. HORATIO O. LADD.

*"Honest love, honest sorrow,*
*Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow."*

BOSTON:
A. WILLIAMS & CO.,
283 WASHINGTON STREET.
1878.

Yours truly
John C. Abbott.

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TO THE

PARISHIONERS, PUPILS, AND FRIENDS

OF

REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

THIS

Brief Memorial

*IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,*

BY ONE WHO HAS GRATEFULLY SHARED WITH THEM THE

GUIDANCE OF HIS COUNSELS, THE INSTRUCTION AND CHARM OF HIS WRITINGS,
AND THE INSPIRING EXAMPLE OF HIS DILIGENT LIFE
AND CHRISTIAN FAITH.

*Hopkinton, Mass.,*
*Dec.* 20, 1877.

# JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

JOHN STEVENS CABOT ABBOTT was born in Brunswick, Maine, Sept. 18, 1805. He died at Fair Haven, Connecticut, June 17, 1877, in his seventy-second year.

Some time in the seventeenth century, the ancestor of the Abbot family, who was a descendant of Maurice Abbot, youngest brother of George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1610 to 1633, emigrated to New England. With the proclivities of eminent English families in that age, his children became possessors of many thousand acres of land in the district of Maine, and were honored among the families of the colonial period. One of these children resided at the time of his death in Brunswick, Maine. His landed estates were inherited by Jacob Abbot, his son, who was already married to Betsey Abbot, a cousin in another branch of the family, living in Concord, New Hampshire.

The family of Jacob and Betsey Abbot comprised five sons — Jacob, John S. C., Gorham D., Samuel P., Charles E. — and two daughters. Of the sons, Jacob and John became specially distinguished as authors, Gorham, Samuel, and Charles, as educators; while the daughters, Sallucia, and Clara, the widow of Rev. Elbridge Cutler, have shared not only the literary and educational labors of their brothers, but the reverent love and esteem, for many years, of a large circle of neighbors and friends in Maine.

It was one of the noted families of that young but enterprising State at the beginning of the present century. Separated but a few years before from Massachusetts, Maine, with its dense forests, enchanting valleys, bold mountains, and island-studded bays, with their twenty-five hundred miles of glistening

beaches, rugged shores, and deep and well-guarded harbors, was a more attractive home for the venturesome sons of the colonies, or of Old England, than are now, to dwellers on Atlantic shores, the broad, rich plains of Kansas, or the prairies and slopes of the incipient States under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains.

John was the third child in this family. He owed his name to personal associations, with which, however, he and his brothers subsequently trifled somewhat, by increasing the letters in the family name. Three or four years after his birth his father removed to Hallowell, Maine. Here his boyhood was passed in the clear frosty climate and amid the picturesque scenery of the Kennebec valley. The grandeur of the mountains of Maine, the wild scenes of its unbroken forests and lonely rivers, the Indian tribes roving in small bands among the settlements, the invigorating winters and Siberian snows, joined with the hardy virtues and intelligence of Puritan life in and around his home, left indelible impressions on his very sensitive nature. He entered, with the zest of an ardent temperament, into the scenes that rose around him like the enchantments of a story-teller. His nature, imbued as it was with the warm tints of an Oriental clime, had also the hardihood to be stimulated rather than stunted by the rigors of the Maine climate, so that he drank in the pure delights of that new country, and with quickened fancy participated in the sports that could wrest enjoyment from harsh winds and drifting snows. There he first caught the inspiration of glowing descriptions in histories of American pioneer life, and prepared the way in his soul for the intense picturing, in later years, of the battles of Napoleon with the frosts and avalanches of the Alps or on the snow-covered plains of Russia.

In *Reminiscences of my Childhood*, written by Dr. Abbott the last year of his life, the spirit of the boy is still manifest in his weakened body, as he revives those early days.

"I often recall with great exhilaration those crisp and frosty mornings of winter, which invested my childhood's home with indescribable charms. I was never cold; the warm mittens which my mother knit me were amply sufficient, with ordinary clothing, to protect the frame through whose veins youthful

blood was leaping. My loving dog would accompany me, bounding over the smooth expanse, where the snow was five feet deep, concealing fences and stumps, and all minor roughnesses of the ground. The crust was often so hard that a horse could almost gallop over it without breaking through. Towzer seemed to have found his heaven of delight. When upon my steel-shod sled I would glide with railroad speed down some declivity, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, Towzer would bound after me, happy as his master, with his joyous barkings waking the echoes of field and forest.

"After a heavy fall of feathery snow, creating drifts of from ten to twenty feet in depth, who can imagine the delight we boys felt in jumping from the roof of house or shed, and sinking almost out of sight in the soft, white, yielding cloud which had descended from the skies, and which had spread itself out beneath our feet, apparently for our special fun? Burrowing in those grand drifts on the sides of the numerous gullies and ravines in Hallowell, we were in the habit of carving out, like the inhabitants of Petra from the solid rock, halls and corridors, which enchanted us like the creations of the Arabian story-tellers. In these rooms we would have carpets of straw, and even built fires, with snow chimneys to conduct the smoke away, thus imitating the ice-cabins of the Esquimaux. We built snow forts and laid in supplies of snow-ball ammunition; some of these balls, as large as one's head, we regarded as bomb-shells, to be hurled down upon the heads of the assailants. The antagonistic parties generally consisted of imaginary British and American troops. The fortress would be stormed and defended with wonderful valor."

Mr. Abbott has described frontier and Indian life on many hundred pages of his histories. With more sympathy and admiration than is usual, he pictures the American Indian waging unequal warfare with the white man, who was ever encroaching upon his domains and exciting his fury. Probably the peaceful Penobscot tribes that in summer used to hover about the villages of Maine impressed him more favorably as to the untutored savage than would now a band of Sioux on the Western frontier, after half a century's demoralizing contact with the American citizen. He often in his boyhood visited the Indian wigwams

on Winthrop Hill, in Hallowell, then covered with a dense forest. These wigwams, constructed of tall saplings, sheathed with birch bark, carpeted with soft hemlock twigs and the skins of bears and otters, and lighted by a cheerful fire in the centre, attracted his childish fancy. There he spent many silent, dreamy hours, "listening to the musical and monotonous clatter of the Indian women, as, with nimble fingers, they wove their brilliantly colored baskets from thin strips of the ash-tree, or watching their babes, silent as mummies in their framework caskets, gazing with black, brilliant, staring eyes, without a motion or sound, upon the scene around them."

The author of *The Mother at Home*, and the eloquent delineator of womanly virtues in Marie Antoinette, Mary Queen of Scots, Josephine, and the royal circles of every European nation of old Rome and Greece, as well as eminent Christian households of every age whether of noble name or untitled worth in his own land, early had implanted in his mind a high ideal of maternal character and domestic peace. He was in a Puritan home of seventy or eighty years ago, but no stern or unfeeling parents there inspired children with terror or cast gloom upon their young hearts. His father, whom many still living can remember as one of the most cheerful, genial, and loving of men, could always omit the harsh word to wife and children, but never remitted the morning and evening worship or forgot the blessing and return of thanks at each meal. That revered mother had a season each day when she prayed for each child by name, and by her gentle words and loving companionship awakened in her children a fervor of devotion which has illumined their long and useful lives. Sunday schools were scarcely thought of then, but both those parents were sweet singers, and the Sabbath was sacredly observed by attendance at church, the singing and repeating of choice hymns and the catechism, as the seven children gathered to receive lessons not only for a mother's hearing, but to gild dark hours in their future, when oppressed by the languor and solitudes of enfeebled age. Thus early taught the value of integrity and piety, those children knew that for them to be Christians, and struggle all their days with adversity, was in their parents' choice and prayer for them, "better than to have all the honors

of genius and all the wealth of millionnaires lavished upon them without piety."

Yet there was social light and cheer about that Puritan home which could hardly be credited were we to trust the representations of so many other New England households in history or fiction. Kindred memories stir in many of our hearts, and we look with all the more pleasure on these autumnal touches of the bright picture of his early days: —

"Hallowell was a social place. There were many parties. The simple entertainment of tea, coffee, and cake was prepared by the lady of the house, aided by her hired help. There was neither dancing nor card-playing. There was sufficient culture, with both gentlemen and ladies, for them to enjoy a couple of hours of conversation. Our parlor, with its floor painted yellow, with its bookcase, tall mahogany clock, shining brass andirons, and truly splendid fire of rock maple blazing on the hearth, and lighted with mould candles, presented to my mind a picture of elegance which was not surpassed in subsequent years by the splendors of the saloons of the Tuileries, blazing with their myriads of wax-lights. These parties almost invariably broke up at about nine o'clock, and at ten all the candles were blown out.

"Our mothers often got up parties for us little children, between the ages of five and twelve. We went at six and left at nine. My father would not only join with us in playing hunt the slipper and blind man's buff, but with his bass-viol would play for us skipping over the floor in what we called a dance. Sometimes one of the older boys would favor us with the music of the flute. The world has made great advances since then, but I do not think it has made progress in social enjoyment. Never did children have richer pleasures than we enjoyed in our Puritan home. Undoubtedly there were wretched homes then as now. Undoubtedly there were then, as now, professing Christians who exemplified in their conduct everything that was hateful and of bad report. But there were many other families whose loving hearts gilded the hours of this earthly life. I could mention many names. These mothers, who joined in the sports around the glowing rock-maple fire, were loved by us children with an affection that can never die. And these

mothers, without an exception which I can recall to mind, were what are called Evangelical Christians. They met every Thursday afternoon to pray that God would *convert* their sons and daughters."

No father ever more imbued his sons with the practical value of cheerfulness than did Jacob Abbot, the venerated father of this family. "Squire Abbot," said his pastor, "had a remarkable talent for being happy." He sometimes took his sons into the romantic wilds of the upper country of Maine, where, in the townships of Weld, Temple, Madrid, and the region of Old Blue Mountain, he owned large tracts of land. Overtaken with cold, wet storms ere the journey was ended, or sheltered in the settlers' cabins that had always a welcome for him, while the tempests raged terrifically around them, he cheerily taught them that it was not the comforts of the fireside but the early endurance of hardships that could make out of his boys efficient men. It was by such insights into the log-cabins of the hardy Maine settlers, and drenching rides over rough and gloomy roads, through the dense forests and over the ridges of that rocky State, that the boy early caught the gleams which lured his pen to describe so often the trials of the Pilgrims in his *Miles Standish*, and the hardships and journeys of Western adventurers and frontiersmen in La Salle, De Soto, Daniel Boone, and a dozen other equally vivid accounts of early American history. In the associations of his childhood was also another element that fostered both Mr. Abbott's literary taste and his marked admiration for the culture and social life in the ranks of nobility which he afterwards delighted to describe in the courts and castles of the kingdoms of the Old World. The Abbots were on intimate terms with two families who had brought with them to the banks of the Kennebec the refinement and tastes, with some of the exclusive tendencies, of the best society of England. One of these families gave their name to the flourishing and beautiful town of Gardiner, where they had received a very extensive grant of land. There, when the banks of the Kennebec and its tributaries were covered with primitive forests of pine, they had established lumber and grain mills for the convenience of the settlers ; yet they lived themselves, by right of birth and custom, in the style of wealthy

British gentry. Another noted family, the Vaughans, consisting of three brothers, who had sought relief on these shores from the annoyances which their opinions had brought to them while holding high position in England, had occupied land four miles above Gardiner at Hallowell.

These distinguished families exerted a strong influence on the people who settled around them. Their buildings were models of economical architecture. Their courteous and unassuming manners won the confidence of the community, which was thus attracted towards them, rather than alienated by their wealth and gentility. Having through avowed sympathy with the colonists in the Revolutionary struggle incurred the displeasure of their acquaintance in England, they zealously engaged here in promoting the institutions which would elevate the people with whom they had cast their lot. They united extensive learning with religion and purity of life. Hallowell Academy became celebrated for its high attainments through their liberality and wise supervision. There, with the children of the more influential families of the town, Mr. Jacob Abbot's sons were first educated, while the choice library of the Vaughans, containing over twelve thousand volumes, was open to these boys, who were to furnish with their own facile pens treasured libraries for the children of unnumbered homes in America and Old England.

The Puritan pastor, Rev. Dr. Gillett, must not be omitted from a view of that Hallowell home. A tall, slender, scholarly looking man in black broadcloth, linen bands, and black silk gloves in the pulpit, he could chase his little daughters at hide and seek in his beautiful garden, while their playmates clambered on his shoulders in their play. With the rhetorical elegance which his fastidious taste imparted to all his public teaching, and an attractive voice which won attention from old and young, this pastor did much to shape the minds of those children for their widely reaching work on others.

It must be acknowledged that a rare combination of influences fitted the subject of this memorial for his successful career in authorship and ministerial labor. Well might he say at the close of his life, "I esteem it the greatest blessing of my life that I was cradled in the home of a Puritan father and mother."

Jacob Abbot, Esq., returned to Brunswick with his family in 1819, to educate his sons at Bowdoin College. John was then a boy of fourteen years, and Jacob had already been graduated. John entered college in the famous class of 1825. Its members became distinguished in nearly all the professions. The names of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Cheever, and Abbott achieved a national reputation, and have been entered upon the lasting memorials of American literature. The honor and memory of their Alma Mater and of their class will be perpetuated in "Morituri Salutamus," one of the most celebrated and elegant poems that Longfellow has written. This was a memorial of their half-century class-meeting at Bowdoin College in 1875, which excited the interest of the whole country.

Mr. Abbott was one of the youngest members of his class. Nothing specially marked his four years in college, except the universal esteem and favor with which he was regarded. His uniform kindness and courtesy, and outspoken sympathy with all that was honorable, honest, and upright, made him a great favorite with his classmates, while his scholarship, though above the average, never made him the mark of envy. So noticeable was his character in these respects that one of his classmates, Hon. S. P. Benson, who had himself honored that class as an eminent lawyer and member of Congress from Maine, at the memorial meeting already mentioned, gave this exceptional testimony: "John never did a mean thing, he never said a coarse thing, he never had an enemy while he was in college."

The following somewhat curious incident illustrates the uncertain promises of the college period for a young man's future. Longfellow and Abbott were on the best terms as classmates and friends, both being young and of congenial temperaments. Having decided literary tendencies, it was good-naturedly proposed by some one that they should each write a poem under given circumstances, and a committee of the class be appointed to decide upon the merits of these productions. Accepting the proposal in good faith, the two young men prepared for the Olympic contest. As the two classmates, in their long literary careers, never afterward came into competition, it will not be ungracious to record that the laurel was given to Abbott. It was his last attempt at verse-making. He might have taken

heart for a new trial, if he had known the lasting veneration and fame which was awaiting, in the future, the most loved and celebrated poet in America. It might be more difficult now, however, alike for the severest critics and most ardent admirers of the works of each, to judge whether the poet or the historian has put the most history into poetry.

After graduating at Bowdoin, Mr. Abbott went to Amherst, Mass., as principal of the academy in that town. He had not chosen a profession, but had thought earnestly, and sometimes with intense anxiety, upon the life before him. He had pursued a blameless course in college, but it had not been a professedly Christian life. Parental example and training had strongly enforced upon his childhood practical Christianity. He had reverenced religion in his young manhood and rendered prayerful obedience to its behests, without throwing the influence of an open confession of Christ into his college companionship.

At Amherst it was necessary that the exercises of school be opened with prayer. Mr. Abbott quietly took up the duty from the force of his early training, to do, at any cost, what was right. From that time his life was steadily and consistently conformed to the precepts of Christ. That year he united with the Congregational Church at Amherst, and turned his thoughts resolutely to preparation for the ministry which he had often previously contemplated. He began his theological studies at Andover Seminary in September, 1826.

During the second year of the seminary course, Mr. Abbott engaged in missionary labors along the southern shore of Cape Cod, organizing Sunday schools. This was a new form of missionary enterprise, to the importance and efficiency of which the churches had but recently awakened.

Returning by the way of New Bedford, he then formed an engagement of marriage with Miss Jane Williams Bourne, with whom he had maintained an intimate acquaintance from boyhood. Her father, Mr. Abner Bourne, formerly an English importer of Boston, had resided in Brunswick for ten years as superintendent of a cotton manufactory, and was a highly respected citizen. Through the association of their families, the acquaintance of youth had grown to an attachment, which was

to unite them in the love and service of a long and eventful life. Mrs. Abbott shared the pastorate and literary labors of her husband with unremitted devotion, and still, with seven of their ten children, survives him.

Mr. Abbott graduated at Andover Seminary in 1829. Among his well-known classmates were Nehemiah Adams, J. W. Chickering, George Punchard, and George Trask.

A pastoral charge awaited him immediately after his graduation. Having received a hearty call to the Central Calvinistic Church at Worcester, Mass., he was there ordained and settled, after a few months' ministry, on Jan. 28, 1830. Prominent among the members and supporters of this newly established church was Daniel Waldo, Esq., who, with his family, were held by the pastor in close friendship and lifelong esteem. Mr. Abbott was married in September, 1830, and went to meet, with his young wife, the often-described experiences of an Orthodox pastorate in Massachusetts fifty years ago. With great flexibility of character, a kind and loving disposition, and an attractive style of preaching, the pastor and no less his warm-hearted wife soon won many friends. It was with the great regret of his church and congregation that his pastorate was there terminated by the prostration of Mr. Abbott under an attack of bronchitis, which unfitted him for work for more than a year.

But almost simultaneously with his ministry, began that career in authorship which constituted a large part of his earthly labors. A course of week-day lectures to the maternal association of his parishioners, on parental life and duties, had been received with much favor. They had drawn their practical wisdom from the memories of the remarkable homes with which he had been conversant. A previous successful venture with a little story for children, in book form, had made him mindful of other hearers than his own congregation. It occurred to him that these lectures would be useful to a larger circle of parents and homes, and under the title of *The Mother at Home*, he offered them for publication. Few books were printed in those days, and the fact that they supplied the people's wants, rather than the reputation of publishers or the skill of subscription agents, gave them wide circu-

lation. There was found to be a remarkable demand for this little volume, which the publisher had hesitatingly accepted. Ten thousand copies were sold in six months, and through an unknown number of reprints in this country and England, and translations into most of the languages of Europe and into some of those of Asia, for the use of missionaries, it has had an immense circulation. It may be truthfully said that this remarkable book, with a similar one which immediately followed it in 1834, was transcribed from the author's own heart, where it had been written for the world in early years by the honored parents in the home in which they had so successfully applied religious principles to the rearing of children without the violation of natural instincts.

Mr. Abbott had now fully entered upon his life service in the threefold capacity in which his influence and usefulness were exerted. Leaving here the narrative which this memorial has presented thus far, we gather the effects of his life into the three lines of activity into which, with varying intensity, his energies were concentrated. These were, the *ministry of religious truth as a pastor*, as an *educator*, and as an *author in history and biography*.

Mr. Abbott held during his ministerial work five different pastorates. From 1829 to 1834 he retained his first church at Worcester, Mass. From 1835 to 1841 he was settled over the Eliot Church in Roxbury, Mass.; and from 1841 to1844, over the Congregational Church in Nantucket, Mass. He was pastor of the Howe Street Church, New Haven, Conn., from 1862 to 1867; and acting pastor of the Second Church in Fair Haven, Conn. from 1870 to 1874. During the interval from 1850 to 1862, while engaged in literary work, he also ministered as stated supply to three other churches, in Freeport and Farmington, Maine, and Cheshire, Conn.

The ministerial labors of forty years were thus divided among eight different churches. In the first half of this century in Congregational churches, the same period would ordinarily have been filled by two or three pastorates; there have been not a few single settlements that have included more years of service. The greater usefulness of such protracted ministrations is an open question in the history of most of our American churches.

Mr. Abbott was not fitted, either in his own temperament or in the special aims and character of his preaching, for long-continued labor in one parish. He was quick in his sympathies, sanguine in his disposition, and versatile in his tastes and powers of illustrating truth, but also very susceptible to the influence of new scenes and faces. He quickly awakened interest in his preaching by the simplicity of his ideas of religion, united with great freedom of illustration. His style of expression, through a very active imagination, was frequently too florid for the studious and critical among his large audiences, but by this greater numbers were attracted, and at the same time all were impressed with his earnestness on the one point of a personal acceptance of salvation by Jesus Christ. As his varied literary labors and habits of work indicated, he was constitutionally fond of change, nor did his health, several times impaired and shattered by intense toil, allow the monotonous strain of pastoral responsibility and toil for many years in one field.

Dr. Abbott's preaching did not tend to the philosophy of religion. He had no special delight in speculative theology. He cared more for the principles of practical piety than for theories. He was not a metaphysican, but he was a sincere Christian. He loved especially to hold up the religion of Jesus Christ as a solace for the innumerable sorrows of human hearts. In this he ministered most effectively to multitudes out of his own rich experience. He believed and taught that the words of Christ and His inspired followers were the only safe guide to men, a rebuke to self-living, and the only true light to salvation for lost souls. The word of God revealed to him eternal realities, which he accepted with unquestioning faith. He rapturously embraced in the gospel the hopes of heaven, in the realistic forms that are but shadows of what is earthly and finite to other minds. He nevertheless made his hearers share his longings for the fellowship of the saints of all ages in the glorious home of the redeemed, which he ardently and confidently anticipated as the rest of his eager soul.

In his sermons to young men, — to whom he was very attractive in his ministry, — he drew many fine illustrations from his biographical and historic studies, as he argued with them on the reasonableness of a Christian faith and character.

During the last ten years, he was wont to address them with all the affection and in the name of a father. Stirring them by his paternal warnings from the wrecks and failures of illustrious characters, with which he was so familiar, or inciting them by their grand deeds and virtues, he led many young men to be followers of Jesus, and to choose eternal life for their portion.

As a pastor, Mr. Abbott never failed to inspire love and confidence among his people. He was very sensitive to the coldness or discourtesy of his parishioners, but usually concealed it and sought every means to overcome it. He was naturally a peacemaker. He hated a quarrel and even a discussion. He would avoid it if possible, and defer action, but was very persistent in his opinions when once formed. His remarkable courtesy of manner made him always approachable. To those in sorrow he could bring comfort; to those of doubting mind he was often a counsellor heart to heart, and his strong personal faith availed to lead them to the blessed sureties of Christian experience. He believed in the power of the truth to save *any one*. One of his most eloquent and effective sermons was written to convince and persuade an atheist nearly seventy years old, who, as a member of one of his congregations in Maine, had expressed to him, with unfeigned sadness, the hopelessness of his mind concerning God and immortality. It was on the astronomical argument for the Christian religion. This sermon was subsequently repeated with marked effect to many thousands in some of the largest cities of the Union.

Probably the two shortest pastorates of Mr. Abbott developed the largest results in religious awakening and in the personal power of his ministry. These were at Nantucket and his last charge at Fair Haven.

It was at the beginning of the winter of 1841–42 that Mr. Abbott and his family landed at Nantucket. This was then a compact village of 10,000 souls. There were but two evangelical churches, the Congregational, and a small Methodist Church. The island was thirty miles out at sea, and the inhabitants had no communication with the mainland in winter. Many of the people were captains and mates of vessels. They were intelligent, with nothing to do, and were glad to be interested on any

instructive theme. The church building was large, and the lecture-room, which was in fact the old church, would hold eight hundred people. Mr. Abbott saw his opportunity, and undertook to interest the people. "I made," he wrote once of this work, "a *great* effort to embellish *every* address with biographical, historical, or scientific illustrations which would instruct. My appeal was solely to reason, — most studiously avoiding all appeals to mere animal feeling." There had been a low state of piety in the church. Mr. Abbott appointed on the first Sunday a prayer-meeting in the lecture-room for Friday evening. In that first meeting there were three men and a dozen women, and only three of these could sing; for in that capacious lecture-room the singers' seats were still retained. In a few weeks the house was full at those evening meetings and the aisles were crowded. "The bell tolled to tell the people there was no more room," was their familiar saying. There was so much apparent interest in religious matters that an inquiry meeting was appointed at the pastor's house for Monday evening. Those were invited who, without being "inquirers" in the usual sense, yet desired personal instruction about religious truth. About twenty were present. After two or three hours of conversation, three verses of the old tune of Hebron were given out. As the lines

> "Much of my time has run to waste,
> And I perhaps am near my home,"

were sung, several were deeply affected, and a mighty work of the Spirit seemed to begin. It swept the whole town. Many an old and godless sea-captain took up the words of one of their number, "I nail the Bethel flag at the mast's head," during the steady interest which for eight months filled the old church to overflowing three times a week, besides the three Sabbath services. During all this time Mr. Abbott was alone. For eight months he did not see the face of a brother clergyman of his own denomination. The pressure was too great for him, and congestion of the brain threatened his life. It was a great harvest for one reaper. The church records report fifty-nine at one time who made public confession of Christ. In the two years and a half of his ministry at Nantucket, one hundred and seventy-two were received into the church.

A similar and even greater blessing was given to his last pastorate, in Fair Haven. His congregation, and the community generally, were of like character to those of Nantucket. The spirit of those earlier years seemed to return to him as he assumed the supply of this church, whose interest and courage for the Lord's work had in great measure declined. He was then engaged in the most exhausting literary work of his life, and felt that his duty to the church was fulfilled when the two best hours of the day had been devoted to the preparation of sermons, and the regular meetings of the church were attended. His sermons were revivified and generally rewritten for each Sunday. He seemed to plead with, rather than preach to, the people. His teaching, diversified and illustrated with new power, repeatedly urged them, as if it were the last day for all, to take God at His word, believe and be saved, love Christ and obey His commands. The church was soon crowded upon the Sabbath, and scores unused to observe the day were found in the congregation. The Sunday and week-day prayer-meetings, after a year of such appeals, filled the large audience-room. There was great increase of the Sunday school, but adults were especially awakened by the truth. There was intensified interest and proportionate stillness and solemnity in the meetings, to which only one evening more than usual in the week was devoted. The Holy Spirit's influence settled down upon the whole community, and was felt by those who did not come near the services. One hardened sinner, whose occupation was to watch the oyster-beds in the harbor, and who seldom even came to the shore, without any human agency, in his lonely watch at night, was so impressed with his sinfulness that he was forced, alone upon the water, to yield the struggle and cry for mercy. A well-known citizen, notorious for his wickedness, on a Sunday evening tremblingly rose to his feet, and saying that "a week before, all the money in the banks of New Haven could not have induced him to take this step," he confessed his need of a Saviour and implored help to obtain pardon. He was chosen by the Spirit for an effective witness for Christ. Inquirers for many weeks sought Mr. Abbott at his home at all hours of the day and evening. So greatly was the community moved, without special instrumentalities, that one

solemn yet joyous Sabbath morning *one hundred and six* converts, mostly of adult age, crowded the centre aisles of the church to make profession of their faith. Twelve others united at the same time by letter in that goodly company of witnesses to the power of the truth in Jesus. The church, during all Mr. Abbott's ministrations and under those of his successor, became one of the most prosperous and fruitful in the region of New Haven.

Those who enjoyed intimate friendship with Mr. Abbott knew that he coveted greatly the *power of eloquence*, as one of the preacher's best gifts. He longed above all things to *attract and at the same time persuade men* to believe the truths of the gospel. He studied the qualities in men which drew others to hear them. "Men must be interested in what you have to say," he often repeated, "or you cannot make them hear the truth or save them by it." "A pastor should concentrate all his energies, physical and mental, upon his sermons," was his frequent counsel to young men in the ministry. At a time when he was drawing every Sunday, in Howe Street Church, New Haven, audiences that filled every available foot in a spacious church, he thus expressed his own aims and motives in a letter to a young pastor whom he loved: "I tremble to hear — but hope that I am misinformed — that you have undertaken the superintendence of the Sabbath school. No mortal, unless he is tame as a sheep, can preach twice on the Sabbath, keep a Sabbath school, and attend a third service. Pardon me for reiterating that your great end and aim for the next five years should be to acquire *pulpit eloquence.* You need the whole concentrated energies of body and of soul for the two *orations* you must deliver every Sabbath. Whatever energy you give to any other work, you must detract from that. It is a terrible loss. I never knew a minister to succeed who attempted to do everything. You want to concentrate *your energies* on your two sermons, to preach with all your might. Heaven save me from hearing a minister preach in the afternoon who has followed up his morning sermon by teaching a Sabbath school!

"Pardon me for writing so earnestly. What the world is now hungering for is *able preaching.* There is precious little of it.

It is not merely the writing of the sermon: one needs to exhaust all the glowing energies of soul and body in the delivery. Do not weaken your powers by diffusion. You cannot do everything, and it is a great deal better to be a powerful preacher than to scatter your strength all over the parish. Again I must apologize for thus writing. But I am sure, if you live to be sixty years of age, you will write to some young preacher just as I am now writing to you."

Dr. Abbott was a conciliatory and sympathetic man in his personal relations in the parish and in society, but in his pulpit and on the lecture platform, where at some periods of his life he was very popular, he fearlessly expressed his convictions, and maintained his rights as a citizen. He was an outspoken antislavery man in the earliest years of that contest for freedom in our land. He defended the poor and oppressed, and suffered for them, when to espouse the cause of the slave was a disgrace in the eyes of eminent men in the church. He was an ardent patriot, and used all the influence of his pulpit and his pen, during the Rebellion, to maintain the Republican party and the administration of President Lincoln in their desperate efforts to save the Union.

Dr. Abbott was also an unwavering advocate of the democratic and Scriptural principles of our Congregational polity and of the simple worship of the churches of our faith. He was a peacemaker in the divisions of churches and councils, where his apt words often, through their practical wisdom, solved difficulties and led to happy decisions. He loved the simplicity of our forms of worship, and had no sympathy with the mongrel liturgies which have crept into Congregational churches here and there, and blurred the distinctive character of their services, while they bewilder the irregular worshippers whom only in most instances they are designed to attract and please. In an article, published in the *Christain Union* after his death, Dr. Abbott appeals to his brethren for the old-time Congregational uniformity of worship, which in his view was unsurpassed by any other ritual in winning souls to Christ. He describes his own experience in ministering to churches which, each, had a different form: —

"Not long since I preached in one of the most important of

our metropolitan churches. The edifice was splendid, the congregation large, fashionable, intelligent. I sat prayerfully, I may say tremblingly, in a little anteroom, waiting for the last strokes of the tolling bell. One of the deacons came into my room, and smiling very blandly said, that perhaps, as I might not be familiar with the ritual which their pastor had introduced, he had brought me a printed programme. It was to me a formidable document. I had but about two and a half minutes to become familiar with this probably very admirable Congregational liturgy. But it destroyed all my peace of mind. I was in dismay, and said to the deacon that I did not see how it would be possible for me, with so short a time for preparation, to adopt forms with which I was so totally unacquainted. He replied it was very simple; that as I had the printed programme before me, all I had to do was to follow it. Not much to my comfort, he added that an inexperienced young man preached for them a few Sundays before, who became so embarrassed as to render the service quite amusing.

"The bell ceased tolling, I entered the pulpit. How I succeeded in working my way through the service I scarcely know: but this I do know, that I passed an hour and a half of quite severe suffering.

"A few weeks after this a deacon came to my study to engage me to supply the pulpit in one of the leading churches of our land. He said he would hunt up an order of exercises which he would send me. My patience was exhausted. I said that if he would allow me to conduct the service according to the usages of our fathers, I should be happy to do so; otherwise he must seek for a supply somewhere else. He replied, with a smile, that none would object to this. Since then I have invariably adhered to the time-honored custom of the Congregational churches."

It is not possible in these pages to describe at length Mr. Abbott's life as a teacher. Compelled by the state of his own health and that of Mrs. Abbott, he left Nantucket with his family in December, 1843. He immediately united with his brothers Jacob and Gorham in conducting a school for young ladies in New York City. Soon after Mr. Gorham Abbott separately organized the famous Spingler Institute, which, with

the school of the Abbott brothers, were pioneer institutions for the higher education of girls in America. "Mr. Jacob" and "Mr. John," as they were ever distinguished by their pupils, continued their institution for about ten years. At no period of their lives, perhaps, did their work inspire more grateful love and respect. Their pupils came from the most intelligent families and from all parts of the country. They found a Christian home with their teachers. It was indeed a large family school, where all were treated and guided as daughters. Mr. Jacob's marvellous tact for imparting knowledge, to which unnumbered youth have since had cause to testify, and Mr. John's personal enthusiasm in impressing scenes of history, the facts of science, and the traits of character, as living pictures, upon the memory, were a rare combination for the success and efficiency of their school. Mr. John and his brother were already wielding an increasing influence by their pens, in American literature, and the products of their study were given in lectures and familiar instruction to their pupils. It was there that Mr. Abbott began writing the *Life of Napoleon I*, to which he owed much of his celebrity as an author.

The three youngest children of Mr. Abbott's large family were born in New York. He was led to return to Maine with his family in 1853 by his love for his native State, and a desire to educate his oldest son at Bowdoin College. With the purpose of devoting himself to literary work, in which he was achieving remarkable success, he purchased one of the homes of his boyhood in Brunswick, where he resided several years, in view of the college grounds and in intimate association with the faculty of Bowdoin. Several of the faculty were his old instructors, and he was himself a member of the Board of Trustees. No place could have been found so favorable for his literary toil. The large library of Bowdoin, exceedingly valuable in its historic collections, and the rare paintings in its art gallery, bequeathed by the Bowdoin family, were at his command. The cultured society of Brunswick cordially received him, with his wife and daughters, to their circles, and his own large and bright-faced group of children, full of vivacity and venture, had the freedom of a healthy country home. The life and character of Mr. Abbott's father were there reproduced in his own.

As he is remembered, not only by his children, but by citizens or students who were familiar with his home life, no one would wish to change a sentence in a description of his father, which Mr. Abbott somewhere gives, if it were applied to himself —

"There was something in my father which commanded respect as well as love. . . . Whenever in the winter he appeared in the street with his sleigh, every boy felt at liberty to jump on or in. They would sometimes be clustered on his sleigh like a swarm of bees. He would stop to let the little fellows hitch their sleds to the runners. Often he would prolong his route to give them a ride. I never knew one who lived more constantly for others."

In an interesting sketch of Mr. Abbott's published works by Rev. Edward Abbott, editor of the *Literary World*, there is given the first catalogue ever made of them. The figures preceding the titles indicate, generally speaking, the place belonging to each in chronological order of publication; the figures following give the date of publication.

I. Juvenile.

2. The Child at Home. 1834.
7. The School Boy. 1839.
8. The School Girl. 1840.
9. A Visit to the Mountains. 1844.

40–51. American Pioneers and Patriots. 12 vols. Daniel Boone, Miles Standish, De Soto, Peter Stuyvesant, Kit Carson, David Crockett, Captain Kidd, Paul Jones, La Salle, Columbus, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin. 1873–1876.

II. Ethical and Religious.

1. The Mother at Home. 1833.
4. Fireside Piety. 1834.
6. The Path of Peace. 1833.
10. Memoir of Miss Elizabeth T. Read. 1847.
21. Practical Christianity. 1862.

III. Biographical and Historical.

11. Napoleon at St. Helena. 1855.
12. Kings and Queens. 1855.
13. 14. The History of Napoleon Bonaparte. 1855. 2 vols.
15. Confidential Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon. 1856.
16. The French Revolution. 1859.

17–19. The Monarchies of Continental Europe. 1859. 3 vols Austria, Russia, Italy.
22, 23. History of the Civil War in America. 1866. 2 vols.
24. The Romance of Spanish History. 1869.
25. The History of Napoleon III. 1869.
26. Prussia and the Franco-Prussian War. 1871.
27. History of Frederick the Great. 1871.
28. History of Christianity. 1872.
29. History of Maine. 1875.
30. Lives of the Presidents of the United States. 1876.
31–39. 9 vols. Abbott's Illustrated Histories of Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Queen Hortense, Madame Roland, Joseph Bonaparte, Louis Philippe, Hernando Cortez, Louis XIV, Henry IV.

IV. Miscellaneous.

3. Scientific Tracts. 183– [probably]. Meteors, Man physically Considered, Popular Superstitions, Northwest Passage, The Ocean.
5. New England and her Institutions. 1835.
20. South and North. 1860.

This list is not quite complete; several juvenile books are omitted, notwithstanding more than fifty volumes are enumerated. It will be seen that Mr. Abbott's claims to authorship might, on the ground of the extent and variety of his volumes, without regard to their immense circulation, disturb the conceits of the flippant critics who have affected to ignore his influence in American literature. Others may, in careful review of his works, give Mr. Abbott just credit for what he has achieved of literary worth, and a particular history of his works. Here we give a record of the facts, the methods, and influence of his life and labors. All will accord to him the praise of rare *industry*, that could acomplish the literary work of between fifty and sixty published volumes, many of them numbering, each, over six hundred large octavo pages. To these might be added half as many more volumes that would perhaps contain the unknown number of magazine and newspaper articles, which he continued to contribute till the last month of his life. There still would remain, to complete the sum of his life, ten years of the exhausting cares of a teacher, and the twenty-five unbroken years of faithful pastoral and ministerial labors for large congregations in New England.

Only in part would Mr. Abbott wish applied to himself the favorite words of his classmate Longfellow : —

> "The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight ;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upwards in the night."

Yet none familiar with his writings, which touched upon almost every phase of history and every vital theme of human character, can justly withhold from him the large illustration of another's thought : —

> "No life
> Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
> And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

The responsibility of authorship is beyond measure when it reaches such a vast number of minds, and silently influences character and conduct by its portrayal of the events and deeds of the past. Mr. Abbott by his pen wrought far more than by his voice. It was, however, the same noble aim,

> "In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed,"

which inspired both.

It is the fashion of critics to search for what an author is *not*. Discoverers of this kind do not require candor or great intelligence. One could thus easily describe the fishes of the Amazon, without adding greatly to knowledge. It is also the weakness of critics to err in judgment. This may proceed from the assumed infallibility of their consciousness and of their intuitions of all truth without original investigation. By one or two eminent and also hasty thinkers, Mr. Abbott was called, in a few instances, "a falsifier of history." The charge involved intentional misrepresentation. He could in all cases oppose the authority of others, as trustworthy in their opinions as his critics, to support his statements. He was, on the contrary, a conscientious author. In the Preface of his last volume he says, "I have written fifty-four volumes. In every one it has been my endeavor to make the inhabitants of this sad world more brotherly, — better and happier" He chose authorities which he judged good, and weighed the prejudices of others as he did his own. Yet in ten thousand difficult cases of judgment,

he were not human if he did not sometimes err. His disparagements of men in his histories are few. He hated the venom of historic slurs. His condemnation of governments and men is open. He would not withhold commendation when it could truthfully be given. Once, lying becalmed in a sail-boat on Casco Bay, he suddenly turned to one near him and said, "I am greatly perplexed by two characters of whom I am writing, Mirabeau and Rousseau. I cannot understand the inexplicable wickedness of their acts, unless there was some hidden motive, which justified them, at least in their own sight." At another time, to one collecting materials for his use in an account of a disastrous campaign in our civil war, he remarked, "Give him commendation where it is deserved, for he had everything against him."

"In estimating a great man," says a strong, modern writer, "we should surely look to that wherein he was unique, individual, exceeded his age, and added to it." When Mr. Abbott began to write the *Life of Napoleon I*, for which he has been so harshly judged, his countrymen were imbued with English hatred of the man whom that nation so long feared. Who does not know the strength of an Englishman's prejudice? There were few beside English histories of Napoleon in our land. The following epitaph on Napoleon, which was in vogue on Cape Cod forty years ago, is a fitting expression of the public sentiment that generally prevailed in regard to him, and which Mr. Abbott confesses he once shared: —

> "Beside this stone, beneath the sod,
> Lies Bonaparte, the scourge of God,
> Virtue's detractor, Freedom's end,
> Hell's benefactor, Satan's friend.
> While here the tyrant sleeps in death,
> Let us thank God he took his breath."

Such a sentiment would to-day be considered at least as far from truth as the eulogies which Mr. Abbott honestly wrote of Napoleon! Few of the facts stated in that remarkable biography have been successfully controverted: the force of its arguments has been admitted by the clearest judicial minds. Their effect in guiding to a correct estimate of the moral character of Napoleon, and of his deeds, has often been deplored. For

that work and the equally elaborate and fascinating *Life of Napoleon III*, Mr. Abbott made the most careful investigation of authorities in some of the best libraries in America and France, and personally visited Paris under the reign of Louis Napoleon, with whom he freely conversed on the principles of the government, which he was then so successfully administering for France. The only recognition of his much-talked-of services to the family of Napoleon was a gold medal worth about fifty dollars, given in acknowledgment of the presentation of a copy of the *Life of Napoleon III* to the Emperor.

Aside from Mr. Abbott's motives in writing, he was, in the best years of his authorship, an unusually *careful* writer. His remarkable perspicuity and beauty of style were the result of careful elaboration of his sentences. Much of *Napoleon I* was written three times, and nearly all of it twice. It was his habit carefully to elaborate a whole sentence before it was committed to paper. "Hard writing makes easy reading," was his daily motto. What he once wrote of his *Lives of the Presidents* was his repeated wish of all his larger works. "I wish," he says, "to make this the best book I have ever written" He was a *vivid* and always *popular* author. "Genuine history," we are truthfully told, "is brought into existence only when the historian begins to unravel, across the lapse of time, the living man, toiling, impassioned, intrenched in his customs, with his voice and features, his gestures and his dress, distinct and complete as he from whom we have just parted in the street." Mr. Abbott is unsurpassed in American literature in this quality of a historian. He wrote history in a glow of mental action, at once a delight to himself and the source of magnetic power over his readers. This trait has been thus described by Dr. Lyman Abbott: "In his work of composition he was accustomed to read up on the topic till he was thoroughly familiar with it. Then, closing his eyes, he would by a rare power of historic imagination transport himself into the scene which he was about to describe, and paint with his pen what he had seen in a mental vision. He had a rare power of abstraction, and, what is still more rare, a power of coming out of the past and returning to it again almost instantly. His study was always accessible; his children came and went; he never de-

clined himself to a caller; and however busy he might be, I think he never regretted to see a friend. He would leave the death-bed of De Soto or the battle-field of Napoleon, answer a question about the household or give a greeting to a caller, and go back to his unfinished picture without losing from it a figure or a color."

Mr. Abbott wrote for the people and easily commanded their attention. He was in the habit of keeping constantly before his mind as he wrote some one who fairly represented the intelligence and honest character of the households throughout the land, with which he had unfeigned sympathy and where his words had such charm for old and young. He was unable fully to meet the requests of publishers for his writings. His contributions to magazines or papers were never rejected. The writer of this article had this remarkable statement from Mr. Abbott himself, only five years ago. His works had a large sale. Of the first volume of the *History of the Civil War in America* 100,000 copies were sold by subscription. The publishers were embarrassed at the unremunerative price, on account of the depreciation of the national currency, and repressed the circulation of the second volume. The Harpers of New York repeatedly affirmed the popularity of Mr. Abbott's book. His *Napoleon I* gave to their new monthly magazine an immense impetus. The editor of that magazine, after *The Life of Frederick the Great*, which appeared anonymously at the author's request, had been completed, gave the most emphatic testimony to the rare and invaluable power which Mr. Abbott possessed of attracting and interesting the people. His last work, though unassociated with his name or his fame, had inceased their readers by thousands.

It was *diligence*, not haste, it was intense labor, not genius, that accomplished such large results in Dr. Abbott's life. He did not work irregularly, but rather continuously. He did not turn night into day, nor wait for moods and impulses to mental exertion. For twenty of his most fruitful years, he spent from eight to ten hours daily in study and writing. The interruptions to this incessant labor were few; its monotony was relieved by change of subject and composition. He usually gave the first two hours to his sermons; then the large historic

subject from four to six hours awakened his intense interest, while the newspaper or magazine article or a friendly letter varied the theme and style of expression. Three or four hours of delightful talk with his family, or in social calls, closed the day, and he early sought sleep. His only exercise of walking or driving was very light. He ate but little, and his chief recuperative was sleep, of which he would never wilfully deprive himself. Some of his best work was done two hours before the breakfast of his household. Mr. Abbott kept no diary or journal of his thoughts and labors ; but this very incomplete sketch of his literary life cannot have better or more interesting proof of its statements than brief extracts from private letters to the writer in the year 1870. Many similar confirmations could be drawn from the letters of other years.

April 14, 1870. — "As to myself, I am very busy indeed. I am writing a monthly article for Harper on Frederick the Great ; also the History of Louis XIV, four chapters of which I have sent to the Harpers. For four months I have been acting pastor of the Second Congregational Church here. [Fair Haven.] Every other Sabbath afternoon I preach a sermon upon the History of Christianity. These sermons I rewrite with much care. They draw a full house. I have been very busy this week writing a sermon entitled 'A Plea in Favor of attending Public Worship.'"

June 13, 1870. — "I have the full charge of not a small parish, with all its pulpit and parochial labors. It is a rule with me to prepare one new sermon every week. In addition to this I prepare a monthly article of twenty pages for *Harper's Magazine*, and am writing two books, one, the *History of Louis XIV*, and the other, *The History of the Christian Religion*. Last week I wrote the tenth chapter of this History. I have sent the first four chapters of the *History of Louis XIV* to the Harpers, and have four other chapters completed."

After such a week as this, Mr. Abbott again wrote : "Yesterday I preached all day to unusually large audiences, for our congregation is continually increasing. This morning [Monday] I *rested* by going into my study at seven o'clock and working without intermission until one. In that time I prepared six closely written pages upon Louis XIV. It is my rule, with

scarcely an exception, to go into my study as soon as I rise in the morning, and write until breakfast. I then continue to write until dinner-time at half past one. In the afternoon and evening I read up. I have nothing whatever to do with house or barn, but am merely a boarder in my house. Your mother spends the whole morning in my study with me. Sometimes I dictate to her, sometimes I write in abbreviations, and she copies. I shall be sixty-five years old next September. Though my health is wonderfully good, I cannot expect to *preach* very much longer. I hope to lay up enough to give me a modest competency in my old age. I do not expect any vacation this summer, but must work with all my might. I think that in my advancing years I can endure sedentary habits which would kill a young man."

The following estimate, by Dr. Leonard Bacon, of the success of Mr. Abbott's literary life is here reproduced from his funeral address: "The aim of his many and various historical works has been to popularize knowledge. In this he has succeeded as no other writer. The books he has written have had millions of readers. His *Mother at Home*, the earliest of them, has been a blessing in households too many to be numbered. His college classmates, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Cheever, are eminent in literature. Not one of them has had — perhaps not all of them together have had — so many millions of readers, and in so many languages of Christian and heathen nations, as he. Some of Hawthorne's stories, many of Longfellow's poems, may be counted among the classics of the world's literature when the histories which he has written shall have been superseded; but he has made his mark broad and deep upon the *living* generations, and that diffusion in which he has been so great an instrument will have its effect on coming ages."

When Dr. Abbott had reached the age of seventy, he had expended nearly all his bodily strength in the labors which this incomplete record of his life can only indicate to those acquainted with ministerial and literary toil. He soon succumbed to the decay of bodily powers, while the lamp of his mind still burned brightly. He had less disposition to leave his home, even for the slight exercise of walking to which he

was accustomed. Whenever it was possible he was employed in his study on articles for papers and magazines, or the volumes for which editors and publishers made urgent request. He clung to his pen till the last month of a sickness of fifteen months. He was deeply affected by the death, at his own home, in March, 1876, of the wife of his deceased brother Gorham, Mrs. Rebecca S. Abbott. She was a lady of rare intelligence and piety and virtue, whose memory is revered by thousands in our land. Her departure seemed to open the way into the unknown mysteries which his spirit longed to penetrate. His thoughts were thenceforth much upon his own release, and he began to gather up all the loose threads of his life. His days with the family now closed with the setting sun. His nights were long and his rest broken. Many hours of the day were spent upon his bed. Muscular decay was visible in all his movements. With no special disease, he suffered, often acutely, in different parts of his body. He would lose several days at a time from his work. A lady sat at his bedside and wrote for him as he dictated his last volume on Benjamin Franklin. His *Reminiscences of Childhood* and a few articles for religious papers were written with pencil, at intervals of night or day, on a tablet which was ever at his side. His mind was at these times remarkably clear, and the desire to write irresistible. Many letters of farewell were thus written to his relatives and friends. They were unexaggerated pictures of the tranquillity and peace, the hope, the sweet content, or the rapture of his mind, as, with unfaltering trust, he waited for his Heavenly Father's permission to join the throngs of the redeemed. So extremely weak was he several months before the last, that he many times awaked in the morning feeling that it must be his last day on earth. Thus he lingered, every want ministered to by the loving hands of his wife and daughter and his devoted physician. It was a precious privilege of distant members of his family, and of his relatives and former associates, to visit his chamber. There were no shadows there. The peace of his soul entered the hearts of all who heard his words. They shared the joy of his heavenly hope as they parted. Old pupils, classmates, parishioners, and friends, near to his home or from far-off States and countries, sent him words of encouragement

and gifts of love ere he took his journey toward the eternal city. It is not often that one who has spoken to thousands so eloquently of heaven and immortality, when in the full tide of life, has been able so fully to testify at the last ebb, with clear vision beyond Time's narrow bound, to the surety of all the promises in Christ.

It was said by the physician of an eminent English divine, "His happiness in the prospect of death prolonged his life many months." One day, as Mr. Abbott, earnestly looking into Dr. Stone's face, asked, "Doctor, why do I not die?" he was answered, "Mr. Abbott, you are too happy to die." It was a new thought to him, and for many weeks those words were repeated by the patient to cheer his friends and himself in the long waiting.

Of many private letters which he wrote or dictated, none will better indicate his condition during the last months of his sickness, and the consolations of his soul, than one to his nephew, the Rev. Edward Abbott: —

"There is sublimity in this midnight silence, and there is indescribable rapture in the full conviction that, at any hour, a retinue of angels may come to bear me to my heavenly home. I am every day drawing nearer my departure, slowly, and yet by steps which I can easily estimate. I am generally free from all pain. I do not well see how any one can be more happy than I am now. The past is gone forever. The battle is fought. All care seems to have vanished from my mind. The future is opening before me with visions of beauty, grandeur, bliss, which no pen can describe.

"I cannot tell you, dear E., with what rapture I anticipate the arrival of the angelic band to take me home. I have no doubt that there is such a *place* as heaven, the metropolis of God's limitless empire. Its gorgeous towers rise far away in the abysses of space. Who can imagine the grandeur of the journey, in the 'chariot' with angel companionship from earth to heaven?

"My sickness has been a wonderfully pleasant one. It is now, as I have mentioned, midnight, yet my room seems full of sunshine. I am more than happy. But when I try to express in words what I feel, I am painfully impressed with the poverty of language. Three times, night before last, I thought that I was going. It seems to me that my mind was never more active. I have never a doubt of the reality of the religion of Jesus, which I was taught from the lips of my sainted parents, and which for a lifetime I have urged upon others. It is exactly the religion I want. It has guided and blessed me during my pilgrimage of threescore years and eleven, and in these sublime hours, when I am just entering upon eternal blessedness it has indeed taken from death its sting."

A month before his release Dr. Abbott's sufferings became acute, and yet he comforted himself and others with hope. "In a few days, perhaps a few hours," he said, "I shall he happier than any man living." He refused the prescribed opiates five days before the last, saying that he preferred to suffer. His wife and two daughters were constantly near him from this time. On Wednesday he sent a message of love to all his children. On Thursday he recognized his sainted mother's presence, and said the angels were calling him, and from that time their companionship did not leave him. He often mentioned their names. On Saturday evening one, noticing the last change, said to him, "Death has come." He looked up with a glad surprise. He had often felt nearer to death than he did then. But he began to breathe more heavily, then more gently, and without a struggle his spirit dropped its burden, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

Dr. Abbott passed away just after midnight, Sunday, A. M., June 17. Sorrow rested on the whole community of Fair Haven. The stores and saloons were all spontaneously closed on the afternoon of his burial. The people gathered to a quiet, simple service in the Second Church of Fair Haven, on Tuesday, the 19th. It was the scene of his last consecrated labors in the ministry. Every period of his active life was represented in those last rites. During the forenoon hundreds had come to take their last look at his peaceful face; his family also had then parted with him. There were left only sympathetic and tender words to be spoken by Dr. Bacon and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hovey. Two or three simple hymns were sung, there was a prayer, and the remains were borne by his nephews and sons-in-law out of the church. A large golden sheaf of wheat, with the inscription, "The last tribute of affection for Mr. John, from one of his loving pupils," was laid upon the coffin. A few flowers with ferns and vines from the woods had also been scattered about it. The hearts of all were silently blessing his memory, as of the just. Accompanied only by his family to the cemetery in New Haven, with a prayer by one of his sons, his body was committed to the grave, whence the sadness of death seemed almost to have been dispelled by Him who hath conquered death for His redeemed.

With all that Dr. Abbott accomplished in authorship, so excellent that his books have been transcribed into many languages and dispersed among peoples of both hemispheres, his most intimate friends are ready to say that his *influence as a Christian*, whether by word or pen or personal character, was his highest aim and the best work of his life. "I am most grateful for the success of my religious works," he said to the writer in his last interview with him. "My *History of Christianity* has greatly interested my Japanese friends. They have carried it to Japan, and will try to circulate it among those thirty-three millions who are to be converted into a Christian nation." "I feel, as I lie here waiting for my release, that I desire no earthly good like that of pleading with men to accept salvation through Christ."

The weaknesses and faults in his life were those which arose from an impulsive and generous nature, and from the exactions of his work upon nervous strength. He had too great confidence in human nature, and sometimes spoke to the public or to his own community through his pen as if all were his personal friends and as high-minded as himself in their motives and principles. Thus he occasionally betrayed himself to public criticism where only his best friends should have known his thoughts, or witnessed his gratification from the favor of those in power. He had great self-restraint under provocations, and was usually silent when he was sorely tried by criticism or reproach. "He has left the world poorer," wrote one of Mr. Abbott's former associates. "We shall go the more easily because he is there."

There was a lovely light from his life in the home circle. A devoted husband and father, no man was ever more generous to his children, none ever lived more unselfishly for their happiness. He supported, in great measure by his literary labor, a large family in the station to which his success as an author had raised him. It was a tremendous venture to depend on an author's hardly-earned royalties, and the usually stinted remuneration of exhausting toil of the brain. It continued to be an imperious necessity, whose service only love could make light. Publishers indeed grow rich, but authors are generally kept poor. Few men have come into honor through keener trials of heart and mind and body in his life of incessant toil.

In no respect is he ever known to have failed in personal integrity and Christian honor. Blameless in youth, none could reproach him in age. In him was the soul of courtesy, — unselfish love for men ; it continued with him to the last. It never won the heart so much as on his dying bed. The humble loved his recognition and his conversation, free from pedantry, as much as the cultured and powerful. His service to God and his fellow-men had left its impress of gentleness, dignity, and integrity of bearing towards all, and it was a purified and lovely character which enabled him to welcome heavenly scenes and fellowship ere earth had passed away from his sight.

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